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# Chapter 1

[image]

It was beautiful day to be alive.
The sky was blue, not a cloud in sight.
The sun was blazin' high & hot, & like usual, the country of Nazi Germany was inside his fucking office, like a fucking hermit.
Get some sun you fucker, you're looking paler then someone's ass.

"Come outside Reich it's lovely today! You always complain it's cold, so come get some sun!" France said tugging on the young countries arm.

"Nein can do mother, I have to get this done. It won't finish itself." Reich said. Reich always looked up to France as a mother. During her stay, she learned a lot of stuff happening inside the organization of the Nazi party. She was kind to him, & she showed motherly love. So he called her 'Mother'. It just slipped when he was 12, approximately 2 years ago, & she broke into tears of joy that day.

"I promise just an hour then you can get back to work, or maybe work on it outside!" France insisted, "Ok. I'll move my work outside, will you be happy then?" Reich responded with a sigh. "Yes!" She said placing her hands on her hips, like a mother scolding her child.

With a sigh Reich stood up & gathered up the documents scattered on his desk, & a few pens.
Follow France out of the office.

Approximately 1.5 hours later Reich was sitting at a garden table outside doing reading & signing documents.

"Hello Reich...."

At the familiar voice Reich looked up to see his 2 friends, F.I. & J.E.

"Come to the creek with us! It'll be fun!"
Italy said as she started hoping in place.

"Ya, stop working for once." Japan said, as he took Reich by the arm.

"Why the fuck-,"
"Watch your profanity," France snapped.

"Sorry, why is everyone trying to get me to be active today?" Reich said shrugging Japan off.
"Because it's good for you?" Italy mumbled.
"Is it really," Reich retorted.

"I-... Just get up," Japan said dragging Reich off.

"Ok ok jeez, so aggressive," Reich mumbled following after his friends.

"Be back for lunch!" France called out.
"Can do," Italy said giving her a smile, & a thumbs up.

Italy & Japan are around my age.
Japan's 16 & Italy's 15.
Yup I'm the youngest. Fuck.

"Where you guys headed? With the hermit to be exact," Poland came jogging over.
He's 15 to. Again, fuck.

When we arrived at the creek, Italy was the first to go crazy & push Japan in, who dragged me in, who dragged Poland in. Stuck in the middle of a sandwich of teens. I believe I've said this before but, fuck!

"GUYS WHAT THE HELL,"
I snapped standing up from the shallows.

Japan sent a glare Italy's way & Poland just laughed it off. She had a smirk written all on her face. No shame.

"You should have seen the look on your faces though, pure comedy!" Poland joked.

"Oh go fuck yourself." I mumbled.

"Oooh, I'm telling France," Poland said pushing me back in the water, "NO-," I said grabbing his legs & tripping him up.

Japan climes our & literally spartan kicked Italy in while screaming 'this. is. karma!'.

We're an odd group. But it's fine.

---

First chapter out you sexy people let's gooo!

# Chap. 2

**Trigger warning: there is rape, skip this chapter if you are sensitive to the topic, along with some violence.**
**...**

Their was a meeting today, a world meeting. Yup I have to socialize, & put up with everyone's bullshit. I sat in the car with Japan, & Italy, I was honestly terrified.

"You're nervous." Japan said rather bluntly, "No shit Sherlock," I mumbled.
"I'm excited to see Spain, I haven't seen her in a while." Italy said trying to break up the tension. "You & her are the cutest." I said sending her a soft smile. "I agree, if any of us find love, it's you," Japan jokes sending Italy a playful wink. "Thanks guys," Italy said chuckling a bit.

When we arrived I follow Japan in, Italy gave my hand as queen before walking ahead of me. As soon as I entered the room, documents squeezed tightly to my chest, posture composed, face neutral, I felt everyone's eyes on me. But I held myself together.

When the meeting ended I started packing up my documents. "I'll meet you guys in the car," I quickly stated as Japan, & Italy walked off. "Alright hurry up! I thing France made cookies," Italy whispered to me. That made me smile.

I was the only one in the room, I know setting of a horror movie am I right? I was a neat freak so it took a bit longer. When I turned around to walk to the door, it shut in my face. Next to the door stood America, & Soviet. "Sup shorty," America said smirking.

America & Soviet we're both 17, a hella lot taller then me, & stronger then me.

"I-..... What do you guys want?" I said taking a few steps back. "Oh nothing much," Soviet said approaching me darkly. The aura

surrounding them was dark, unforgiving, I felt my heart drop. My body started quivering, & an undeniable fear of what's to come built up.

I tried to find an exit point around them, my heart racing a million miles a minute. This can't be happening, it isn't happening. It's just a dream, I'll wake up any time now. Just a dream.

I darted towards the door, dropping my documents, in the movement of swirling around them. I tugged at the knob, all I could hear was my heart beating, & blood swishing in my ears. My body quivered, the key.

I heard a chuckle behind me. I'm going down, not like this. Not like this. My throat went dry, & a knot of tears built up in my throat. I tried to calm down, turning my attention to the window.

I dead sprinted to the window, before the collar  of my shirt was grabbed, i let out a choking sound, & I was thrown to the ground. The tears began to flow in hot drops rolling down my cheeks. My eyes burned, my throat was hoarse.

I scored myself backwards, this can't be happening, this isn't happening.
I'm ready to wake up now.
Please, just.
Wake up.

Everything was a blur from there, all I remember is unbearable pain. Little knives being stabbed across my body. I felt violated. Broken. My privacy had been invaded beyond my consent. Forcefully ripped away from me.

It was sickening. The feeling of my heart just dropping. & hollowing our, I couldn't see. My eyes burned from the tears. By throat burning from screaming.

Sickening honestly.

All I remember is Italy running in.

"Reich what's taking you so long?" I heard Italy walk in. "Reich?

Reich! Oh dear lord!" I felt her hands on my back & shoulders.

I didn't want anyone touching me.
Every touch felt like knives to my skin.

"Japan! Come quick, hurry up!" I heard her voice, she sounded urgent, & desperate.
I heard more distant door steps approach,
everything faded around me.
I blacked out shortly after that.

---

This chapter has been edited severely, I deleted all the rape & rewrote it. That's that.

moonwatcher71 is this better?

Right it's midnight, I can't sleep & theirs a storm raging on outside.

# Chapter 3

I've been locked inside for the past few days, trying to get some work done, trying to forget, & move on.

The war had taken a pretty harsh turn, my dictator found out about the 'incident' approximately 12:30 on a Monday, in the middle of a meeting, shamed me for it, his wife takes to me, some looked at me in disgust, & others pitied me.

France has gotten worried for my well being, she tries to at least see me to the end of the war, doubt I'll make it though. Hell what can a 14 year old do? I'm not even if age to run a country as my league puts it.

What am I going to do with myself.

Poland tries to comfort me but, emotions aren't his strong point, he knows what it feels like to have your body used & tossed aside, so he tries.

"Knock knock?" It was Italy.
I muster up most of my 'I'm completely ok, & have no childhood trauma' act, "Come in," I respond, my voice crackings bit. She obviously noticed.

Italy walked in, her uniform freshly pressed, her moves graceful, her eyes holding sorrow. "I should come back a different time?" She said walking around my desk, pulling up a chair & sitting next to me. "No." I needed someone's presence right now. It felt nice. Safe.

We sat there in silence for a few minutes before she took me in a hug, & I just hugged back &
Broke down right there. We sat there & she whispered 'it's alright' it know' 'just let it all out'. I'm not one for emotions, so when I break, I break.

After a few hours, ya I know, pathetic. I finally called down. "You

look like you haven't slept in days," she said pulling away & looking at my features steadily. "How could you tell," I scoffed, sending her a sad smile. "Come on, I can't sit here anymore & watch you waste away,  dear god," she joked, dragging me out of my office & towards my corders. "Get some sleep, we'll talk later," she said closing my door & leaving.

I walked to my closet to get dressed. When I removed my shirt, I took a glance at the mirror, at all the marks littering my body. Their marks from digging their fingered into my hips, the purple, red spots, few bleeding, bite marks. They really broke me, huh? I sigh & finish getting dressed, removing my boots & removing my trousers, replacing everything with my sleep wear.

I climbed into the bed, relaxing my muscles. God, everything aches. Took a while to get comfortable, but once I was, I was out like a light.

——— The next day because I'm a lazy ass helicopter——-

After my morning routine, getting dressed & all that shit, I was in my office (again), yes again now shut the hell up bitch  (fuck you). Italy said she had something to talk to me about, it couldn't wait either. I kinda already knew what was coming.

"Knock knock," that was her, she always has a little thing to her knocks. "Come in," I respond. I'm gonna miss her. "Hey TR," she said taking a seat in front of my desk. "Hey miss Snow White," I joking smirked, taking a seat across from her. "What is it you wanted to discuss?" I kicked off the conversations. "I'm leaving the axis." She said suddenly. "Good," I said taking her hand in mine. "I know why, you're ashamed of this road. You're in love. If you leave now you'll probably be forgiven, I understand that," I whispered giving her a soft smile. "Really?" She mumbled, looking down at me. "Yeah," I gave her hand a squeeze, & she pulled me into a hug. "You could always read me like an open book, Magical I say," she joked. "Yeah yeah, now get out of here & get a life," I said playfully nudging her. "Heh, fuck you," she said before leaving. "Bye," I mumbled.

—— somewhat 9 human months later because it's midnight & I have school  tomorrow :)——

I sat quietly in my bed, puffy eyes, red to the face. France snuck away to be here for me. I'm glad, it was her grandsons I bore.

She comforted me the entire time, I had a natural, at home birth as they call it, to keep a low profile. I cried & just whispered 'I'm sorry' the entire time.

When they brought the two boys out to me, France gasped, & happiness filled her eyes, one of her bright motherly smiles formed, as she glanced at me.

"Congrats France, you're finally a grandmother," I joked trying big to lighten the mood a bit. She snickered a bit & kisses my forehead. "You did great, dear," she beamed at me.

They held a strong resemblance to my sister, Weimar Republic, but different markings. I missed her, I held a smile to my face as they were handed off to me. You couldn't really tell who the fathers were (fuck me gently with a chainsaw), unless you looked really closely to their facial features, & soon their eyes.

I'll protect them. I'll give them the love I never got from my real parent. I'll be the best.

————————-19-9-9-19 1945 how does a Nazi, bastard, racist hoe, of a country, who prospers & grows into a- (shut the fuck up)————————-

Today was the battle of Berlin.
My dictator & his wife had me follow them into a bunker. They made me sign something, to keep my mouth shut, & to swore me to secrecy.

I watched his wife pop a pill, & drift off into a slumbering death. I was horrified, as I watched my league pull a gun & take his own life.

I cowered into a corner. Childhood trauma probably written all along my face. I watched them take their lives like it was nothing. It was horrifying.

I shakily took the pistol & waited. Holding my sons to my chest. Hoping & praying it would all turn out alright. They were

surprisingly asleep (don't question it). I heard troops approaching & searching through area, I moved to a different room away from the corpses.

I took deep breaths & brought my wings nicely around my two dearest processions. "It'll be ok, I promise," I whispered.

I heard door being kicked in, one by one. When the one I was in was kicked in, I immediately took aim, don't get me wrong, I've never killed anyone, that was my leader, I just took the blame,& I don't plan on it, but my sons are at stake here.

I saw the figure stop & approach me slowly. I can't do it, I can't kill anyone. That's not who I am, I am not my dictator, I am me.

"If you're gonna kill me. At least take my sons to France," I mumbled. Lowering the gun.
"Why?" Shit.

It was America.

_____-

It's midnight, I have school tomorrow.

Online school, sucks major ass.

Right night sexy people.

# Chapter 4

I held my two sons close & started taking steps back, cowering into a corner. There was no where to run. Not from them, not from the truth. America slowly approached me, as to not spook me.

I took aim, I know it would take more then a bullet to kill a country, but I wasn't aiming to kill.

A gun was put into my hand at a young age & I hated it. But life isn't very kind is it? Heh, nope.

"Reich," Ames voice was soft. He eyed the gun closely. "Put the gun down, & no one gets hurt-," "I don't believe you, I don't want to believe you. Someone always gets hurt in these situations," I snapped. Heavy footsteps approached, Soviet emerged through the doorway, rifle up & ready to fire. "Don't shoot," America growled, lowering the gun with his hand.

I brought my wings in more, shielding my young from the two countries. "Why the hell not?" Soviet said rather sassily. "Because-," "Because we need him alive," France walked in, Britain by her side.

I felt relived, but I kept my guard up as she approached me. Lowering the gun I allowed her to get close enough to grab the gun lightly from my hand & place it in her belt. "He's just a child, no need to be so harsh," She spoke lightly. She took a glance back behind her. "Go outside, I'll meet you there," France took hold of my cowering form.

America took a glance back before catching up to Soviet, talking. "Are you alright love?" She said soothingly. I gave a single nod. I'm happy I at least have someone on their side, other then Italy. My breathing was unsteady, I was stressed, scared, & tense. She took me into her arms, hugging me lightly as to not hurt the two twins being balanced in one of my arms.

I allowed her to take them for a minute why I stood up & regained

myself, before taking them both into my arms & hiding them with my wings. "What's gonna happen to me?" I whispered, following the graceful country to the entrance of the bunker. "You'll be taken to a lab, were the EU will have you under his custody." She mumbled. "I tried to convince them to let you stay with your sons, but they said East, & West will be sent with the father, or fathers, in your case," she finished.
"Oh,"

The drive to the lab was a long one. When we arrived, EU had me stripped to a hospital gown, thrown onto a stretcher, & taken to a testing lab. It felt weird not having my boys close to me. It was the first time since they were born I didn't have them within arms reach.

While I was there, America, Soviet, Britain, & France came in. "Let's get this over with. America grabbed me by my throat, taking a pocket knife, & getting dangerously close to my eye.

I scream ripped through my throat as he carved out my right eye, leaving my left. Blood poured from the socket, as my body hit the ground. He held my eye in his hand. "A purple iris, what a beauty dontcha think?" He said pulling one of his prize winning smirks.

France watched in horror, holding back tears. Not taking her eyes away from my fallen form.
Britain noticed, taking her out of the room.

Soviet stepped on my back, took my left wing in his hand, & hatched it off, ripping through flesh & snapping the bone when he got close enough. Holding a well groomed, black, bloody, wing in his hand. I cowered to the floor holding my back, sobbing. He hummed in satisfaction, eyeing the wing up n' down.

I was bent over a table by America & had my ass branded. Literally. & Soviet branded my chest. I lay there. The burning not subsiding. I passed out but was immediately woken to being drenched in cold water.
& then I was beat for lord knows how long.

All I know is I was dragged into the led bay in critical condition. & I

was out for a while. I woke to my face being bandages, my left eye the only thing remaining in bandaged. I have bandaged going over my chest & torso, thighs, ankle, calves, & both arms, one of which was broken. My pulse flat lined a few times. But they got me back.

Once in a stable condition I got to see my sons one last time before they were taken by America & Soviet. America took West, & Soviet East.

Well, now we're really separated. It's obvious who the fathers of the twins are, West got Americas baby blue eyes, & a hint of Soviets forest eyes, & Soviets jawline from what I can see. East got a swirl of blue & purple in the left eye, & a forest green eye on the right. He had my soft facial features.

I'm never gonna see them again am I? No don't say that, I will. Eventually.

They tested weapons on me everyday. France visites me once a week to tell me how my sons are, & EUs interest in me continued to peek. I've gotten used to being locked up in solitude, tested & best.

I turned 15 tomorrow. Fuck.

———————-

Hey sexy weirdos!

I'm sorry it took so long, I'm usually getting these out by 11pm & that's late as duck boy but this one got downs at 12pm.

I'm tired, good night/day to you fellow chaps.

# Chapter 5

Date: Thursday, February 24, 1998.
Entity: Patient 169-019
Location: North America, Washington DC, White House.

I sat atop a building, not to far from where America's house, EU turned me into a weapon, trained to kill. I don't remember much about my past life, they had that remove.

"*169-019, do you copy?"* I heard my earpiece go off. "I'm in position." He made me an elite, used to kill & topple governments. I feel no emotions, I remember no one from my past, & I'm programmed to kill at all times.

It happened on my 15th birthday, that's as far as I remember. Today I prove my loyalty to EU. I am 16 now.

"Who's my target?" I mumbled I to the radio piece, aiming my sniper threw the window.  Two kids sat in the living room, watching tv, twins I'm guessing. They both had the same flag, no one else was in the room, so it's probably either America, or Soviet. Soviet got his flag changed though, & he went by Russia now.

I aimed my sniper for one of the adults. "*In the living room, there are two countries. Eliminate them both,"* "Consider it done," I took my aim, I aimed at the one America had custody over, resting my fingers on the trigger. I hesitated a bit. "*Pull the trigger," "*give me a moment to line up my shot," I steadied my breath, & shifted I uncomfortably. Why can't I take the shot. Take the shot Reich, what are you doing. I removed my fingered from the trigger. It's just another victim, nothing more.

I steadied my self & regained my composure. "*What's happening out there?"* An annoyed voice came over the com. "Sorry boss, just feeling off today." "*Well hurry up, piece your loyalty to me, Reich." "*I hear ya loud & clear, sir," I realigned the shot to the one on the right.

They looked so familiar, my heart ached at the thought, who are they? "Sir, identify my targets," "*East, & West Germany,"* get your head in the game.

*I can't*

I have to

*Please no.*

Just take the shot.

"Sir I can't do it." I lowered the rifle. I've killed children before, but I can't. I don't know why they look so familiar. "*Return to HQ,"* I sighed, standing up. I spread my wings, one of which are mechanical. I was told I lost it in an accident, along with my right eye.

I landed at the platform where all the planes deck at. "Reich," My boss, EU, walked over to me. "I'm sorry I failed you sir," I got on my knee as a guard would their royals. "Stand up, I shouldn't have sent you after them." He sighed.
"I don't know what happened." I stood up, lowering my gaze. He looked my way. "What do you mean?" He cocked a brow. "I froze up, my mind went crazy telling me not to, my body didn't do what I commanded, like an instinct taking toll," I sighed. "Reich," he turned away. "We'll talle about this later, until then happy 18."

"Thank you, sir,"

I sat in my sweat, cleaning my rifle. When a knock came to my door. "Come in," it was probably EU coming to check on me. He does that.

"Mama!" My instinct activates & I looked up to the same countries tackling my torso into a hug. "Sorry kid I'm not your Mama. I could help you find her," I knelt down, placing my rifle on safety before placing it on the sofa. "Don't be silly! Papa, & Father have proof," The one on the left, East said happily. "I'm sorry, who?" All the sudden two countries walked through the door, my instincts started

screaming for me to run, but I stayed planted.

"Are these two little guys y'all's?" I asked standing up, the two towered over me.
"Ugh ya, their your sons," Russia said confused. "I don't have children, I've been here since I was little." The twins looked confused & disappointed. "What the hell do you mean?" It was America's turn to step in.

"I can explain." EU was leaning against the doorway. "Hey boss," I gave a small solute then went neutral again. Russia took the children by their hands. "Does he not remember us, Father?" West asked sadly. "I knew him being locked up here was bad news," East growled.

"Wait. So let me get this straight, you brainwashed Reich, so he doesn't remember anything past 15?" America snarled. "Yes, it was for the elite program, he's the only one who passed." EU explained. "Europe. He doesn't even remember his own children," Russia said, trying to hold Ame back from beating EUs ass.

"I-.... I have sons," I whispered & lightly laughed in shock, sitting back in my seat.
"Yes & instinct will always be instinct, your mothering instinct. Your mind may not remember, but the mother in you always will." EU laughed nervously. "Huh, I'm gonna beat your ass boss," I said smirking.

"Would you like to properly meet them now?" America asked me.
"Y-...ya..." I felt small under their gazes.

"Does mama remember us now?" West asked peeking around the corner to me. "I hope so, adults never listen. Should have taken him out when they got the chance." East sassed.

I saw the two 4 year olds ran over to me as I walked out with their fathers. "Ok, I remember you guys now, sorta," I mumbled as the children snuggled into my torso. "Good!" West said nuzzling into my torso & chest. "What did I say," East elbowed West. "Be quiet," West remarked.

---

I'm in a  good mood today & I read a bunch of oneshots giving me the gay strength i needed to not fucking kill everyone off in this book going forward.  :3

Love you sexy gay ass weirdos that I love oh so much, night/day to you!

# Chapter 6

Red lights were flashing in the halls.
"*TR, we got a breach. You know what to do."*
I heard I've the com. "On it,".

I walked into my room, I placed my hand on a scanner, opening up a pocket that held my gear. I slid on my combat boots, sliding my throwing knives in one, dagger in the other. Picking up my rifle, & tracking the breach.
"*They took one of the rides, catch them, kill them," "*alright,".

My mechanical wing was in the work shop, don't ask how. I opened the garage that held my motorcycle. It was pitch black, & fast. I slid my helmet on, speeding off. I spotted the vehicle rather easily, I mean wtf, a multi million dollar vehicle doesn't blend in very well, especially when it's going wayyy over speed limit.

I was getting closer, gaining speed, I was right behind them now. All the sudden they took a hard right. Do I look stupid? I put my foot down, skidding into an alley, up a board ramp, over a fence, & right back on their trail.

Dumbasses.

I was right up next to them, I slid my dagger from my boot, they tried running me off the road, but I recovered from their little attack. jamming the knife into the tire. I hit the breaks, before speeding right back up, rig behind them. We entered the Bay Area, near the coast.

I pulled my rifle trying to shoot the driver, but I missed (sucker), oh my god shut the hell up you pyromaniacs. A semi truck went threw the intersection, the vehicles are really low to the ground so they got threw with a bit of good maneuvering. I slid off my bike as it rotated, transforming to be closer to the ground. I held onto the back, pressing my body to the ground as much as possible to slip under.

I remounted my bike as it went back to normal. Getting right back on their trail. By now a squad had caught up to me, they didn't do very well. By now we were at the docks, the assistance didn't make it, suckers. I got right up next to them. Taking out a pistol, aiming it at the driver side, before I rammed off the dock & into the water.

I let go of the bike, & breached the surface. My actual wing weighing me down. "*TR, come in," "*I'm fucking here," I snapped. Swimming the the ladder that led to the board walk. "I grabbed my helmet ripping it off & throwing it to the ground. "*Track them down. They have something rather, valuable of ours." "*Understood sir,". "Damnit, Damnit, Damnit!" I growled in frustration. An armored vehicle rolled up, & I approached it, hopping in.

*"Return to HQ,"*

---

Rahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

# Chapter 7 [teaser mother truckers]

[image]

•So, I didn't sleep at all last night, I was busy settling something going down & my brain being on crack/not really•

•••

I took my place on the metal table in the lab.
The metal spine outlining my back had been opened up & was currently under some repaires & upgrades.

They wanted to extend my athletic capabilities to the latest tek.
Which in this lab, was far above those of the outside world.

I flinched as sparks flew from my back.
"Almost done back there?" I snapped. Clenched fist, grinding my sharp teeth. Hurt like a bitch.
"Yes, be patient, this is the 6th time you've asked," Dr. Calico (yes I did) responded annoyed. "Well then hurry up," I snapped.
"Well maybe next time don't go on a joyride through town, & crash your bike straight into the harbor," She sassily replied. "I-... you're right, you're right," I chuckled. She hummed in response.

The screen in front of me turned on to reveal EUs face. "Reich, we've tracked our targets to France, you know what comes next," he ordered. "I'll be right on their trail sir, but ima play around with my prey first," I smirked. "Per usual," he rolled his eyes. "You know me sir, what's the point of a wild goose hunt if you don't find the other geese?" (I just came up with that) good job. "I like your way of thinking, when you're finished up there-..."

"IM TRYING!!!"

I snickered. "Go pick out your squad, & saddle up, because this is gonna be one hell of a ride," was all he said before logging off.

Something tells me this is gonna be fun.
Very, very fun.

———-

Here's a teaser, I'll finish the rest when I get back into sanctuary.
until then, have this.

# Chapter 7 [official]

[image]

•did you like my teaser?•

[There should be a GIF or video here. Update the app now to see it.]

•••

As I emerged from the bay, drenched, & pissed.
No one gets away from me that easily. No. One.
(Well someone did, 2 people actually) shut up.

Hoisting myself out of the water, i noticed by back was all fucked up. I had a piece of wood impaled into my thigh. Great another problem on my hands. "Reich, get back to HQ immediately." EUs voice rang through my ear piece, woopty doo, what a predictable outcome.

•••

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Very, very fun.

•••

I picked out a team of 5 other soldiers I found suitable for the mission. They'll be in jets, while I'll just fly there by wings. Obviously.

Before departure at 1900, it was currently 1758, I was in my sweat, prepping my weapons, gadgets, & tools, needed to fuck someone's day over, by that I mean cut their life lines, & by that I mean kill them.

I looked over as my German shepherd came trotting over to me. "Hey girl," I named her blondie (haha history cannon). I grab one of her toys to play with, she likes plush toys, they usually don't last long though. Torn to shreds within a week, but this ones lasted about a month. Shocking on my part.

I just play around with her for a bit, running around my sweat, throughout my living room, kitchen, upstairs, & so fourth. She's the best & only companion I have & need. I got her as an 17th from EU. He said depression was setting in from being lonely. Welp therapy does amazing things, especially dog therapy.

"*Reich, report to the lab, we got somethin for ya,"* I put two of my fingers to the piece to activate it. "Wanna tell me what it is?" I joked, getting up, dusting all of the doggo glitter off best I can. "*Lets*

*just day, an old memory,"* I felt my breath hitch. "Ok I'll be there in a sec!" I spoke quickly, jumping on the spiral railing & sliding down to the first floor.

I sped to he lab. I didn't enter before composing myself. Entering the lab I took note of EU & his wife ASEAN in the room. I only met her one other time, that was a long time ago. "Sir," I bowed my head. "Miss," I did the same to her. "Reich, we have a memory for you, a memory from when you were 14, we think it will be helpful in your elimination of the targets," EU spoke, holding up a chip.

"Really? Wanna tell her what it is?" I asked, I was honestly excited. "That's for you to find out," ASEAN spoke out. "Yes ma'am," I responded.

I watched Dr. Calico walk in, her moves graceful, yet hesitant. She was afraid, but not for herself. "Sit," with that I hoisted myself up onto the metal table, as tunes & wires were hooked up to my metal spine. "You ok?" I asked. She took a breath in, but I didn't get my response.

"Close your eyes," she spoke out again, trying not to let her voice tremble. "Singling our memory 'R14' from the database," the mechanical AI spoke out.

I allowed myself to relax, sitting in place. Before everything went black, & I saw something, felt something, I wish I hadn't. The screams, the terror, the agonizing wait of death. The shame. I saw their faces.
That's why I had a bad hunch.

It was them. America... & Russia. Or Former Soviet Union. Those bastards. I felt a knot build up in my throat. Vengeance burned in the back of my mind, boiling forward. I felt violated. Taken of which that cannot be returned. They bastards are gonna die. Oh I'm gonna hang their heads on my wall. Like trophies hunters hang after a hunt.

Like the elk they are. Then they feel they have the right, to face me in the only place I feel secure, presenting the product of their sins. Disgusting. I wanted to puke. I wanted to kill. But I also wanted to

curl up & be by myself.

The knives in the skin, returns. & I was gonna pull them out & dig them into their hearts.

I opened my eyes & took a breath of air in.
I stay unmoving, my face cold as a single tear roll down my cheek. I didn't care anymore.
In the name of everything I stand for, I will cut a bitch. & god, I'm gonna cut them deep.

After Calico removes the wires & tubes from my back, completely sealing everything off, she asked me a series of questions. I didn't answer. I just got up, walked to my sweet, loaded up on weapons, attached my bionic wing, & eye. Told my men it saddle up. & departed an hour early, because this was gonna be one hell of a ride.

And I'm gonna love every second of it.

———

1056

Get do to much ;3

# Chapter 8

•I'm dying•

•••

I stalk around the carrier impatiently, knives in hand, being prepped just for there victims.
Oh god the suspense of hearing their screams.
I was anxious to get a knife into one of their backs.

The blood curdling screams, pleads to stop, it was all to good to be true. The anticipation only building as we draw near.

•••

I landed outside of Frances manor, the trackers led me here. I walked up to the door, & I knocked. From the other side I heard a 'COMING!' It was a women, probably in her 40s. Most likely France.

The moment she opened the door, she froze, looking at me, "hello ma'am, is America & Soviet here?" I ask politely. She just looked at me in disbelief. "I-... Reich?" Was all she said.

"That's me ma'am," I responded politely. "Oh please, come in!" She ushered me inside. Just roll with it.

She led me into a living room, were Russia, was helping America with bandages. I smirked to myself knowing I at least hit one of the bastards. Pretty close to a vital organ to.

"Oh uhh, Howdy Reich," America said glancing the other way, god he's bad at looking suspicious. Russia looked up at me, sending me a smile, then returning to Ames wounds. I hope they bleed out to my hands someday.

"Well I'm gonna go, Ukraine wants me home immediately," Russia said, walking away. France left a while ago, she said Britain needed her near the English Channel.

"So, hows it been?" America said standing up.
He didn't have a shirt on. Just bandages.
"I-... I've.." the flashbacks popped into my head. ".....Seen better days," I forced a smile.

"Hm, when are you coming by to see West, he's dying to see you again," America joked around. "Soon, soon," but not as soon as me ripping your heart out of your chest, then shoving it down your throat yo- (calm down).

"I'll be heading back to my country in a few days, you should come, he'd like to see you," He spoke out. Ok, I'll play along for a bit. It'll only make this sweeter.
"I wouldn't mind that,"

•••

We had been in France for about a week, our next stop was America, I was gonna have my team stationed near by, ready to kill any who get in the way, my job, get in, get the documents, & get out.

West comes home at about 430 from kindergarten. So I have about 2 hours to get America to give me the location.

I was dressed in black skinny jeans, a loose dark red sweater, & a pair of white leather boots. God, I wish I never got that memory back, I get so uncomfortable around others. I can't be in crowds, I don't like people touching me any lower then my torso.

I rung the doorbell to the manor. The door opened shortly after to Ame dressed in a tight black shirt, with camouflage pants that looked great around his ass might I add, & combat boots.

"West'll be home soon, until then you can go wait in my office to discuss what ever EU wanted," he said sending me a playful wink. I flinched at that, what the hell. Just play along. "sure," I smirked.

When I entered the office, I noticed a room of display cases, trophies, won from wars against other countries. At the end of the long room, I saw an eye, on top condition. I was the only country

with purple irises. & this eye. Had a purple iris. "Reich-..." America walked in & stopped at the door. I stayed quiet, just play dumb. "Didn't know another country had purple irises, *a beauty,* don't you agree." I mumbled. "Yeah," was all he said.

After we got settled in his office, the discussion began. Of course, all of this was false to get close to him, but I wasn't getting close enough.
I saw a window of opportunity when he started to hit on me. Yup, definitely on (666 words here).

"So, what do you think?" I asked. "I'll consider the deal, though I see more of a gain to the EU then I do for my own country," he responded. Shifting his body a bit. "& what gain were you thinking on?" I knew were this was going, I slid a tranq dart into my sleeve.

He stood up & circled around to me. "Sure id get good allies & such," his hands went to my shoulders. "But, I was thinking more of a *permanent* stature," his hands started to trail lower to my chest. I had to use very fiber in my being to not break down right there.

I hummed in response, I turned my chair around to face him. "And what do you mean by that?" I smirked, standing up, & slowly pushing him backwards into the sofa that was pressed against the wall. "Oh don't be such a tease," he mumbled kissing at my neck. I pushed him onto the sofa, straddling his hips.

I had to fight back so many tears. The worse part was, it was the same person, the fact that it was even happening just sucked.

His hands trailed up my sides. One of his hands trailed down to my thigh, before anything went any further. "Hey, America." I stated. He hummed in response. "Remember that turn, when I was 14," I hinted. He paused, I knew what he thought. "What do you mean?" He asked.

"Oh you know what I mean," before he could object, I stabbed him with the tranq, in the neck. It was enough to knock a grown moose out, so it could definitely knock a country out. Depending on the country.

I made sure to tie him up, if may knock them out, but it's a window that closes fast, pence I thought he was secure I sat down & waited.

Approximately 2min later. He was up, & violent. "Just tell me were the files are, & no one gets hurt." I smiled. "What was it to said? Someone always gets hurt in these situations?" He retorted. I growled quietly to myself.
"I can hold you here for as long as I need to," I stood up, & started searching the office.

"Honestly, you're wasting your own time,"
I smirked devilishly.

———

1060 words

Sweet Jesus, why do I do this to myself, sooo tired :,3

# Chapter 9 [Edited]

[image]

I stalked around the room, America, of course still tugging at the restraints, any longer & they'll snap. "Just give me what I want, & West might still have a guardian after this." I internally gagged at calling America & Russia their fathers. All they did was knock me up. I did the rest.

He kept his mouth shut & kept struggling. I have patience. I have all the time in the world.
"Come on, a minute ago you were all into me, why back away now?" I smirked. He growled at that.

I peeked up when I heard the front door open & slam shut. A look of panic became plastered on the Americans face. "Well, I'll get answers somehow," I remarked. I stood up & started heading to the door. I took hold of the handle & stepped into the door way. "Please no, he's just a kid!" He sent me a look of desperation.

"Ya so was I," I watched the color in his face completely fade at that line. And a look of horror was soon plastered.

I shut the door. "Papa? Is Mama here yet?"I walked towards the voice of West. "Hi dear," I softly said, approaching him. "Mama!" I opened my arms & welcomed his warm embrace. "Where's Papa?" He said looking around. "In his office," I smiled sweetly.

"Ok!" He smiled a toothy smile. God I'm growing soft. "So what do you usually do when you're here?" I asked, standing up, taking his hand. "I mostly draw!" He skipped to a room. It was full of book shelves, stacked with books, puzzles, coloring books, sketch pads, & toys of all sorts (for children of course). The walls were a pastel pink color, & the floor was a cartoon grass, & flowers. There was a kids table in the middle of the room, suitable for his height, with matching chairs. He let go of my hand & ran to the table grabbing & opening a sketch book. I walked over & crouched next to him.

"This is my most recent!" He said flipping to a page with a cartoony cat. Could use some work, but it's really good for his age. "I see potential," I commented. He smiled wholeheartedly at that. "Dad said you draw," he added. I was shocked at that. "H-... Really?" I asked, taken back. "Yup! He said you were the best!" West commented.

A few hours of him, or 4hr of him showing me his art, it was really good.

"Can you draw something for me?" West asked.
"Of course, what do you want?" I softly spoke.
"Can you draw me a horse? Better yet, a unicorn?!" He added excitedly. "Anything for you," I smiled.

A few minutes later I finished, with the rough sketch, lining, layering, & shading. West watching with grave interest. "What do you think?" I asked showing him. "How?! It looks so real!" He gave another toothy smile. "I'll never be as good as you," West mumbled. "Don't say that, you're style, you're art, one day, you'll as good as me, I see grave potential, just keep practicing," i felt him hug my torso.
"Thanks mama,". "Anything for you," I said resting a hand on his head.

"Right, time to get you into bed," I lightly laughed to myself. "Ok," his energy seemed way lower then it was originally. "Come on dear," I picked his up, resting the half asleep toddler on my hip.

I walked to his room, it was a forest themed bedroom. I lay his down, & go to get his pajamas. I bent down & opening the drawer. I grabbed a dragon onesie. Standing straight up. I turned around, to an almost asleep West.

"Come on dear gotta get you dressed for bed," I smiled softly. "Ok ok," he said rubbing his eyes. He took the inside from my hand & walked into the bathroom.

A few minutes later he came out fully dressed, I picked him up, & placing him on the bed. I managed to get him under the covers, & tucked in. Placing a kids on his forehead. "Wait, pap usually plays

the piano for me," he said pointing to the piano. "Can you?" He asked.
I smiled & nodded, approaching the piano.

I settled down on the seat, and opened up the casing over the keys. Cracking my knuckles, I decided on Brahms Lullaby. It was a personal favorite when I needed to relax, so maybe he'll like it.

Half way through the piece I heard a light snore, & decided to stop there.
Standing up, I approached the side of the bed, turning off the lamp light, & pecking his forehead lightly again. "Good night deary," I whispered, walking towards the door.

(That was a treat to write)

Looking back one last time, before closing the door, & heading back to the office, (America is gonna he pissed, man he thought you were gonna hurt West xD) ya, I know.

I opened the door, to America still strapped down. He was looking down at his lap.
"So, still gonna give time the silent treatment,"
I asked. His head flicked my way. A look of hatred, & dread crossed his face. "You're looking at me like I just murdered someone,"
I smirked. "What did you do to him..?" He lowly growled. "What does it matter?"
I added.

"You didn't hurt him did you...?" He asked.
"Again, what does it matter?" I felt absolutely no regret for leading him on like this, god this is amusing, or like a really corny book (....totally...). That only made his growls sharper. I sat on his desk in front of him.
A smirk plastered on my face. "He's just a kid, he didn't & doesn't know anything," his voice broke. Damn, I break people fast. "Ya, so was I, that didn't seem to matter did it?" (Damn you really gonna lead him on that you actually hurt West?) Hey I didn't say that directly to him, he just assumed. "Just give me the information,". He went quiet.

"The documents are at the pentagon," he blurted out. "See, wasn't that easy?" I added, standing up & radioing to my squad to raid the pentagon. "Right I have to pay Russia a visit now," I took a knife & rammed it into his chest, a scream ripped through his throat, I twisted the knife, blood splattered onto my face, chest, torso, & hand.

I heard the ripping of flesh, & snapping of bone. The deeper I dug, the more satisfaction I felt. I yanked the knife out. Now this can't actually kill a country. So chill out.

I circled around him. "Ya know, I brought up that memory for a reason, America," I darkly spoke. I rammed by knife into his back. "You know what it felt like? like this. Knives, digging into your skin. Every touch more painful then the last." Blood was dripping onto the floor now. I lifted his chin to face me, a dark smirk plastered on my face. "And you're over here-," I lined the knife to his cheek, making a small incision, drawing more blood. "Thinking i would seriously have sex with you?" I added, trailing the knife down his arm, a line of blood following.

"God, you gotta be insane to actually think i would ever-," I dug 2 fingers into the bullet wound on his back, earning a scream of pain. "Ever, give you the pleasure you so wish for,"
I snapped, reopening the wound, the blood curdling sound of flesh parting, & ripping, blood coated my gloved hand.

"That isn't shit you just forget,"
I growled, ripped my fingered out of the wound, earning another scream from the star spangled country.

I opened the door & walked out, careful not to wake a clueless West. I called one of his guards. Telling them if they didn't get here id kill him,
They got 5 minutes.

I spread my wings & took off right as they came through the gate. "Alright guys, let's head back to base, then to Russia from there,"

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1333 words

That was one hell of a roller coaster.